BIBLE STUDY.

THE BIBLE AS IDEAL TRUTH.

By Rev. Frank L. Goodspeed, D.D.

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Plato said that the radiant light was the shadow of God. The highest forms of truth are similitudes—ideal images, parables, allegories, spiritual resemblances, moral dramas. Behind every symbol there shines a great truth. All truth is true, whether it be fact, or whether it be clothed in literary form and presented as ideal. Doubt has been cast upon the historic reality of some of the Old Testament characters. My object this morning is to show that it does not matter whether they are historical or not. Truth is truth. Their historicity does not affect one way or the other their value in conveying religious lessons. Around some of the Old Testament books rage the battles of the critics, while all the time there shines from these same books, between the discussions of writers conservative and writers radical, supernal and soul-stirring truth. Whether these stories of the Old Testament are true in the sense of being literal facts is not, for the purpose of religion, relevant. Are they in accord with the universe as we know it, as ruled over by a righteous God? That is the question.

William Tell stands for the heroism of the Swiss patriot. Achilles stands as the ideal Greek. They are no less valuable for thus representing great elements of character. The highest form of truth is poetry, and the Bible is largely peotry. To understand the Bible requires a spiritual imagination—the power to discern and reproduce and transmute the truth. Definition here is not easy. Call it ethical and spiritual appreciation; call it the poetic temperament; call it admiration for the ideal; call it the faculty o f vision; call it soul. It is that feeling which realizes and responds when the deep things of God call to the deep things in man. It is not the logic faculty or the argumentative faculty; but that part of us which is the wonderer, the mystic, the feeler of ineffable yearnings, and the seer of something beyond the eye, but not beyond the soul. The thing that gives Christianity its power and stability is its profound harmony with the laws of the universe and of rational mind, its appeal to the deepest spiritual experience of mankind. Its foundation is not in mere logic or in methods deductive or inductive. The rules of logic can never doctor a sick faith. Christianity is the world's great simplicity. It is a history indeed. Its stalk is rooted in the past. Beneath its lofty structure are deep and solid foundations. The gospel history is built on glorious and transcendant facts. But even in dealing with the New Testament those facts are first apprehended by the imagination. For most men Christianity is a message, a vision. It is not a syllogism. It is not a speculation. To the man in the street it is not a formal thing at all; but an immediate thing, a living impression, a luminous analogy, a bright interpretation. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," Jesus often reiterated. And even with Him for a teacher, men were puzzled to tell whether the divine voice was thunder or the tones of an angel. A man will hear and see according to the amount of soul there is in him. Spiritual truth comes into the heart like sunshine, without argument, as the most real and beautiful thing in God's universe. It is the soul's proper atmosphere. God in the secret chambers of the mind, felt as the soul's life by all good men in all ages and under all skies. So the question is not, Did Moses write the Pentateuch? Or, Was Job a historic person? and so on. But, Is the law of God found in the Pentateuch written in the physical and moral constitution of man? And, Is the Book of Job a truthful setting forth of the lesson of God's providence? In order to gain knowledge and inspiration from a biblical book, it is no more necessary to know the name of the writer than it is to know the author of the multiplication table before one can be convinced that twice two are four. The question is not with reference to the hand that wrote, or the style, or the literary form, but the eternal mind behind the words.

The Bible a Revelation through Literature.

Why is it thought incredible that God should let a drama have a place in his revelation? Christ spoke in parables. A drama is as sacred as an enigma. And a parable is sort of mental enigma, an intellectual knot to be untied. We have the psalms, and we do not object to them. An epic is only a national psalm. A love story is the Book of Ruth—one of the finest ever written. Why do we find all these things in the Bible? Because much of the Bible is ideal truth, a revelation through a people's literature, because in all these ways are expressed a people's life, their hopes and fears and struggles and aspirations. We do not rebel against Homer when he creates Achilles and Ulysses, or Virgil when he creates Eneas. Truth is no less true because Dickens gives it to us through a David Copperfield, or Scott through an Ivanhoe, or Thackeray through a Henry Esmond or Victor Hugo through a Jean Valjean, or George Eliot through an Adam Bede, or Bunyan through Christian.

Literature cannot be separated from its purpose. Some literature is intended to instruct, some to amuse and some to inspire. Biblical literature has the sublimest possible purpose—to reveal God. Type and paper can never fully enshrine or express God. But we must never separate the Biblical literature from its purpose, its environment, its climate. Its root is deep in the faith and hope of a people whose specialty was religion, whose genius was the supernatural. "By divers portions and in divers manners" God spoke through them. That revelation blossomed in many ways and in many colors, but every form and hue speaks of the soil from which it sprang and the atmosphere by which it was nourished. It may not all be fact; but it is truth vital and splendid. Our task is not to doubt it; but to let it speak its authoritative word in our soul and then live it. Is "Pilgrim's Progress" any less precious because it is not literal? Christian and Greatheart are not men of flesh and blood. Doubting Castle and the Delectable Mountains stand for the lower and the higher life; but the one never imprisoned a hesitating soul and the other never shone in that light which never was on sea or land. Woe to that man who loses his soul-sight. To have no imagination is to be intellectually dead.

To illustrate, take Hamlet. Who was Hamlet? Only a name. No such man appears in history or literature before Shakespeare's day. Hamlet is no fact. But facts are only the shadows of truths, the manifestations of reality. Hamlet is the manufacture of the poet's brain. Are his sayings any the less true on that account? They are as true and real as our own souls? There never was a Hamlet. We are Hamlet. The reality is in us. Hamlet is as far above any one real man as prophetic truth and divine insight are above bare history. Whoever has been melancholy, and confused by the problems of evil, and staggered by the blightings of hope, and has had his faith distracted by looking on the world through mists that dimmed the golden lamp within his own breast, who cannot tell why evil triumphs and good goes to the wall, who is indecisive through long speculation, who has become bitter through wondering why an infinite uni-

verse does not immediately assert the majesty of moral law and smite the evil-doer on the spot—this is Hamelt. He stands for the multitude; and he is not fact, but truth, a thousand times larger than any one mere man could be.

The Bible is the message of God to our soul through human literature and human experience. It holds the vital principles of conduct, the unquenchable light of sure faith and the motive forces of life. It is not only the gift of God—it is the channel of God. It is ethically unimpeachable and spiritually alive. Yet it is God speaking through the lives and intellects of men. It did not fall from heaven ready-made like the Koran, nor was it discovered by clairvoyance like the Book of Mormon. The real Bible is not the form of it, but the truth of it. To enlarge an illustration of Mr. Beecher's, here is a harp. You want an intelligent opinion upon it. You gather a jury of competent men to pass judgment on the harp. One man comes, and he is a man of artistic temperament—he judges it by its strings. A third is an antiquary—he discusses its age and maker. At last a musician appears. He seems not to notice the harp's curved surface and graceful outline or the quality of the material. But he draws his hands over the strings, and sweet, slumbering music awakens within the instrument, which charms the ear and fills the soul with ecstasy. The harp is for music. The only test of it is the test of melody. The Bible is a divine harp, each book a string. One man examines its structure, another its source, another its date. That is legitimate, if done reverently; but woe to that criticism which is proud and vain, which would be the master and not the servant of faith, which would oust religion and itself drive the chariot of the sun. Has this harp the music of life?—that is the question. Does it find the soul? Does it awaken holy purpose? Is there in it the breath of the living Spirit, something which strengthens the failing hands and braces the faltering will and comforts the breaking heart? That is the question. Does the music prove this to be a divine harp? Is God in this book as we find him nowhere else? Does what he has commanded in law and sacrifice and ceremoney and psalm, and what he has said through Abraham and Moses and David and Samuel and all the rest, constitute a revelation? It does. Deep under the external form lies the truth. And, as Horace Bushnell said, "If we take all these old books of story, biography and prophecy and join ourselves to these old hymns of worship, we seem to be insphered among God's very thoughts—let in deep into the discerning of them. And we are lifted by the swell of a certain beatific undertone in them, which is the Eternal Mind heaving up through, in great inspirations and tides of thought that have no human measures."

The Epic of Eden.

If I have made my meaning clear, may I illustrate by reference to three biblical examples. Take the first three chapters of Genesis. The story of Creation and Eden may be truth in poetic or dramatic garb. But the reality underlying it is absolutely true today and will be true forever. The seven mighty "acts" are seven stupendous "days;" not days of twenty-four hours, nor yet of geologic eras; but "days" used in a representative and natural and literary way to measure and distribute the creative process. They have nothing whatever to do with astronomic or geologic or biologic science; but are the convenient and literary method of expressing the progress of the mighty drama. There are indeed striking resemblances between Genesis and geology. Professor John Fiske, who was perhaps the most spiritual interpreter of the facts of physical science in our time, has said that the truth came to him with all the force of a revelation, that Genesis, so far as astronomy and geology were concerned, while not to be literally interpreted, nevertheless so far as fact and process and order go, was literally true. He said Genesis gave us the creative order in an ascending scale up to man, making man the climax, and the center of the evolutionary process. Nature looks up to man and serves man and waits for man as the crowning handiwork of the creation, and with man the process ceased so far as new species are concerned, and is now employed only in his strengthening and perfection.

Such a testimony is interesting and comforting. But I believe all likenesses between Genesis and any science whatsoever are not to be over-emphasized, and that the method in Genesis is pictorial with the one great object of magnifying God as author of life and Creator of the world. The writer first shows us an empty world-house—"The earth was without form and void." Then he tenants the empty habitation, furnishes the palace with occupants, and crowns the whole process with man as monarch. The difference between the account of Genesis and the account of the evolutionist is largely as to method. The result reached is the same. With the evolutionist we stand in the morning of time by the sea, where in the dark primeval waters are little atoms of life floating like tiny bubbles in the salt spume. Then there pass by us minute cells called ascidians. Ages pass, and many mighty leaps over the gaps in the strange succession, a monkey appears; and then after infinite ages, a man. And if your evolutionist be also a theist, he puts God back of that stupendous process and sees God packing potential empires, laws, sciences, philosophies, religions and literatures into the primary germ and then unfolding them by compelling eternal truth to emerge into present fact.

Standing with the biblical writer, you find his description more panoramic and ideal. Of all real or conceivable accounts, his story has the loftiest accent. We stand now amid the dawn of the worlds. The great curtain that veils the infinite spaces is lifted, and in the awful hush of that eternity which precedes time, we hear God say, "Let us make man in our image and after our likeness." Thus is the mighty process summed up. In either case God is Creator. That it would take one moment or a hundred million years has nothing to with the question. In literature it is legitimate to crowd the work of years into hours. Shakespeare has done this again and again. In this epic of creation the series of "days" march by one by one that each day marking each creative act may bear the one lesson—God! God speaks—and it is done. God commands—and it stands fast. There is no intention to time the magnificent task, to crowd its acts into a twenty-four hour day or to extend them to a ten-million-year day. The stupendous process is not timed at all. The picture is painted. The majestic drama moves on to its climax. Far down the future God has planted the goal, and over those unmeasured distances there sweeps God's dominating purpose. Creation is the epic of the triumph of God. While men were worshipping the spirits of the elements and the powers of nature, while they blindly bowed to stocks and stones, and filled every place on land and sea with rival and degrading divinities, while polytheism, superstition and fetishism held men enthralled and in darkness and death, the author o f Genesis cleanses away all grotesque and belittling and local gods and brings the race on its knees in homage before the living God. His aim is not historic or scientific, but religious. He is not tracing the process of evolution and trying to match his "days" to

the order of nature or the periods of zoology; but he is giving us the "charter of monotheism," he is showing us a great vision, a picture of devine accomplishment, enthroning God in his rightful place in his own universe and enfranchising and dignifying man and endowing him with all the attributes of the divine masterpiece.

Is the story of the happenings in the original Eden to be taken literaly? Was there once a garden with unscable walls and in it a tree with ability to make immortal, and another possessed of the fatal power to impart the knowledge of good and evil, and a snake holding parley with an innocent woman? Literature has four great conceptions of the spirit of evil—Luther's Devil, Milton's Lucifer, Goethe's Mephistopheles, and Burn' De'il. The garden of Eden has been located in Persia, in the South Sea Islands, in Central America, and at the North Pole. But is it necessary to look so far for the garden of Eden? Does it not represent man,s primitive innocence, before conscience troubles, and reason is overwhelmed by inclination, and fear and remorse and spritual warfare disturb the calm of life? Was it not once in your heart and in mine? Is not the story of the temption and the fall repeated in every mortal man and woman? What if this story is an allegory, a picture of universal human experience—true, alarmingly and awfully true—and in its net spritual meaning an exact description of each son and daughter of Adam; but still a parable, not to be understood literally, requiring imagination and the historic sense. The description is figurative, just as is the "white horse" and "the tree of life which bears twelve manner of ruits" in the Revelation. The garden scene is a parabolic narrative standing for a sad and universal fact. Adam and Eve are the race. The serpent is the symbol of evil the universal tempter—that old serpent the devil,"—subtle, crafty, fascinating, death-dealing, universal emblem of the powers of evil. Adam and Eve are types of humanity. In them all races, all colors, all familes of the earth are met, Moral infection has tainted the whole human brotherhood. The crisis in the garden is the representive test case of the world. Every human soul begins in a garden of choice, beautiful and wonderful as Eden. Conscience slumbers and then awakes. The period of instinct is succeeded by the authority of the law—the voice of God in the garden being the great imperative which sounds through all souls everywhere. Out of instinct-innocence the soul emerges upon a higher level of chracter as it chooses good and not ill. When the test comes, illusions vanish, discord breaks the peace of life, and through Eden the soul takes its solitary way.

Here is a boy brought up in a refined Christian home—a veritable earthly paradise,—and tenderly taught in all the ways of truth and righteousness. Love welcomed him at his birth, and love lighted his youthful pathway. His lips untainted by a vile word, no flaming passion in the heart, no evil pictures in the chambers of imagination! But one day he forgot or repudated his birthright and sinned against his parents' prayers and hopes. He plucked the fruit that turned to bitterness, and immediately conscience became a flaming sword, barring him from Eden evermore. He "fell" on that day when he lost standing in his father's sight, on that day when he tore down the altar of sacred trust in the heart of a holy mother who had pledged him to goodness. Thus the tragedy of paradise was repeated, and is repeated by every son and daughter of the race. We all hear the whispered suggestions of the subtle serpent. In the soul of every one of us sounds the solemn call, "Where art thou?" Every one of us feels that he has missed the higher purpose of his life. Though much of the primeval blessedness still clings to us, conscience feels itself "naked" and makes itself fig-leaf aprons of foolish excuse and empty pretence. God still walks in the garden, and the guilty heart, as ever seeks its refuge from his holiness amid the sheltering trees of pretended ignorance.

Only yesterday a man cheated his fellow, denied his God did evil and was selfish; and last night when the heat of passion and competition was somewhat abated and God walked in the garden of that man's soul in the cool of the day, that guilty heart tried to hide from God. Thorns and thistles spring forth in human lives still as the result of sin and the deadly night-shade. Anxiety and pain rack the spirt, and we eat our bread in the sweat of our face. The "flaming sword" that keeps the way is the holiness ofGod which is pledged to keep the path undefiled to paradise regained. The universe and the nature of things are pledged to righteousness, and the only way to the restored Eden of a righteous manhood—which is by the conquest of evil through the Cross, where God shines out before us in great mercy and sets before our rebellious hearts and blinded eyes the vision of a b tter paradise. Moral character involves, must involve the possibility of wrong. Character comes through struggle, virtue through victory. There can be no affirmative without the alternative of the negative. Goodness is possible only by the free refusel of moral evil and the free election of moral good. A being who is not free in his choice could not sin. A will constrained in its choice would be only a machine. This seems to be the meaning of Eden and the fall—it is the parable of man's universal temptation, lapse and recovery to righteousness and God, the emergence of moral responsibly. And as the first book of theBible is the epic, so is the last—the first epic of the morning of time and the freshness of creation, the last the epic of the evening of time and the beginning of eternity. Genesis chants the dawn of life and Revelation on the dawn of life everlasting, "the majestic image" to use Milton's splendid phrase, "of a high and stately tragedy, shuffing up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies."

The Story of Jonah.

As our next example take the story of Jonah. By many this Book of Jonah is regarded as the joke among the Old Testament books. It is the object of satire, of sarcasm, of derision. And yet the Book of Jonah is one of the divinest in the Bible. The point of the story is not Jonah, or the whale, but God. I do not say that the whale story is impossible—nothing is impossible with God. But that is not the point. It does not matter whether it is literal history or not. It is fairly crowded with ideal truth. It is an interpretation of human character and experience. It is a mirror of life. Jonah is an unwilling missionary. He demands some seal and vindication of his message. Nineveh is to be destroyed. But under his denunciations it repents. How human it all is! In spite of its repentance he demands its destruction as a reward for his personal inconvenience and effort. That God should spare it makes him a petulent child. "It is better to die than live," he says. There are Jonahs all about us; men who will do something for God provided their pride and arrogance are ministered to. They think of themselves instead of their message, and can brook no apparent failure of their prejudiced and distorted will, even though Nineveh should fall by the scourge of God; little men in a great world, men counting their own disappointment and suffering of wilfulness instead of the life of a whole people. And yet God is kind to this petulent prophet and

tries to reason with him; and when he goes and throws himself down in a wilful pet, "the Lord prepared a gourd, and made it come up over Jonah, that it might be a shadow over his head, to deliver him from his grief. So Jonah was exceeding glad of the gourd." But God would not be just if he were to leave the spoiled child of a prophet to have his own way, so "God prepared a worm when the morning rose the next day, and it smote the gourd that it withered." The same thing is happening every day. This story was written yesterday. Every place has its Jonahs, men who want to set their will over against Nineveh instead of taking their stand in Nineveh and redeeming it; men who would destroy it as Jonah would, instead of suffering for it as Christ did for Jerusalem; men who want to separate themselves from the sins and ill-fortunes of humanity and from afar call to salvation instead of dying to save. And because things do not go just to suit them, because Nineveh still stands there on the hill, they throw themselves down in a fit of impatience, lose sight of the great calamity that might have befallen Nineveh in the little calamity which has befallen themselves, and wish they might die! And God is still good. The same love that prepared the gourd now prepares a worm to smite its root, lest men become utterly selfish and exhaust themselves in self-pity.

What if our pain, our disappointment, our sorrow is God taking away the sheltering gourd, that we may want and may choose only himself. Then if he can rouse us to an unrest in the great universal, in the world around and beyond us, he will himself care for our particular life. We shall be of some meaning and value only as we think not of ourselves or our petty wishes, but of God, and our value to God, and humanity's value to God. We become eternal, not by engrossing and enthralling our soul in a nice cocoon of selfishness, but by helping someone else to be eternal. "Whoso loveth his life shall lose it; but whoso shall lose his life for my sake shall find it." The doctrine of the Book of Jonah is the doctrine of Jesus. The gourd falls that heaven may shine clear.

This is the gospel according to Jonah. Whether this book is literal history or not, it is divine; it is the evangel of the unselfish. Some of us are looking for the rest-time. Do you not know what it is to long with tired eyes for a sight of the sheltering gourd? Sometimes there comes a whole series of trials and disappointments. I wonder if God is not trying to get us out into the open, to shake us out of our self-complacency, to arouse Jonah, content with his own little narrow and shadowy world, to something better, to make us men and make us amount to something and give our life a new direction so that instead of sulking under some gourd, the river of our life shall run in full sweep and fertility on its way to the wide sea of God's immortality. If by some happy turn of fortune's wheel you got a gourd in a night, as it were, and then the worm cut its root and withered it, then learn the lesson—the gourd withered, Nineveh spared, heaven shining above all! Great is the mercy of God to you and Nineveh. Through all is a redemptive purpose. Your sun has risen; a worm has cut the gourd; hopes, purposes, fortune, friends are all gone. What is left? Nothing but God. But God is all! "He shall cover thee with his feathers and under his wings shalt thou trust. His truth shall be thy shield and buckler." Gourd withered, but God is still on the throne; life ruined on the selfish side, but enriched on the Godward side. In the unfading country perhaps the Master-builder is erecting a better home—the frail gourd of earth to be a mansion in heaven. The confident song hushed here that in heaven we may catch the grand amen.

The Drama of Job.

One more illustration of what I mean by ideal truth, and I am done. Take Job. Is Job literal history? I do not know. Very likely at the foundation of the book there was a man by the name of Job, a personal, real, live man. It was not the habit of the Hebrew mind to reach up and take a character out of the air. It required a personality at the centre and core of a work like this book. But I do not contend for this. It does not matter. The truth is all that matters. Suppose Job is a drama representing man's inner life, the lament of humanity's heart when it is rent with inexplicable trouble, the assurance that life's beginning and continuing and ending is in the eternal God.

The Book of Job contradicts all the old theories concerning the origin of pain. In the Hebrew thought suffering was due to sin in the sufferer. Job boldly declares that the pains of earth have their source in heaven. Indeed, the drama opens in heaven. The universe is before the throne of God. Satan comes also as the representative of earth, and he boldly tells the Almighty that this man Job, who seems to love God so fervently, does not love God unselfishly, for himself alone, but for the rewards which are in his houses and lands and honors and prosperity. He declares that if these should fail him, Job would curse the Almighty to his face. God accepts the challenge. This man Job will refute the charge that divine love is always impressed in the bestowing of earthly rewards. He will show how men are perfected by suffering and enriched by loss. He will prove that "they also serve who only stand and wait," and suffer and bear. It is harder to bear than to do. The Old Testament saints were all active men, men of accomplishment. Job the sufferer rises above them all. Abraham migrated to find a purer faith and a diviner God. Noah was the world's first ship-builder. Enoch walked with God, and at the end of one day's walk found himself in heaven. Moses set up the pillars of an ordered commonwealth. Elijah was a fiery prophet, translated at last in a fiery chariot. David was by turns a bold sinner, a brave soldier and a sweet and saintly singer. All these were men of action. Job's task was the hardest of all—not to do, but to bear. Gradually he is stripped of everything. Wealth vanishes; home is invaded by death; dear voices are hushed; health breaks; the wife of his bosom blasphemes. Still no cry from Job, no blanching of the cheek! The anchor of his trust holds. Even death is haloed by hope: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Then human friends come with their mistaken sympathy and their false theory that Job must be a particular sinner under special divine displeasure. Job refutes all their charges. His life has been pure and full of good works. Trouble is not always a result of wickedness. Christ taught the same thing. Affliction is not a sign of sin; it is not necessarily a punishment for transgressions committed either by the sufferer himself or by his ancestors. There was the man blind from his birth. The disciples, following the ordinary Jewish idea, asked: "Master, who did sin, this man or his parents?" "Jesus answered, neither hath this man sinned nor his parents." And then comes the declaration which is the whole point of the Book of Job: "But that the works of God should be made manifest in him." Thus Job rises to this high plane, casts all on God and hopes for a better day. Hear his ringing challenge, his bugle-call of hope: "I know that my Vindicator liveth, and that he shall stand at the last upon the earth—in my flesh shall I see God." No despair! Horizon of faith still clear! Love still unquenched! Stars radiant in the night-

sky. God knows the bruise, and he provides the balm!

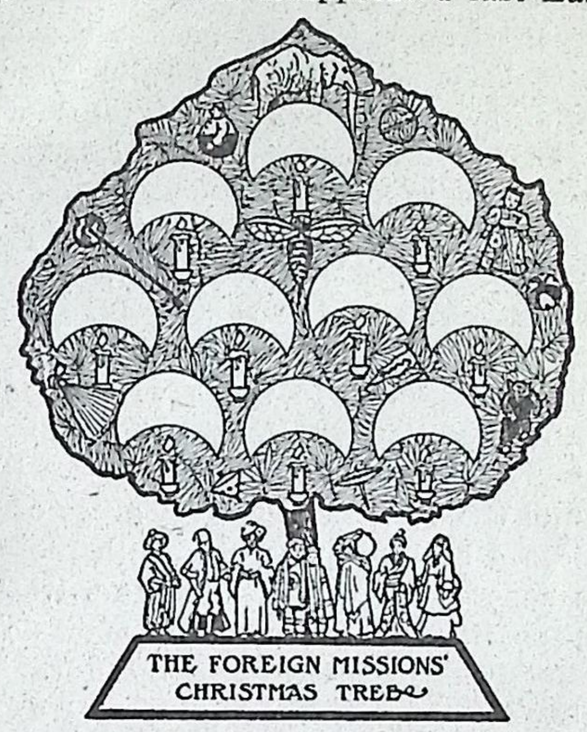
The Book of Job is literature; to understand it requires, not a cold and barren literalism, but appreciation and imagination. It has a soul, a voice. It is a revelation. It is not simply words. It presupposes a soul, a literal grasp and tact in us. It is all through the Bible. If a drama appeals to human nature, the Bible is drama. If poetry finds something responsive in our deepest soul, the Bible is poetry. If biography has a mighty fascination for us, the Bible is biography. If metaphor, parable, symbol appeal to us, the Bible is all these. What is the interpretation of the Book of Job? It is a strange, redemptive quality of human life. The book is really a justification and prophecy of the history of Jesus Christ. It is a great testimony to the fact that life is a battle in which the best put their bodies in the front, in which God sends only His holiest into the hail of the arrows of hell. In the Book of Job is foreshadowed that better doctrine full of a dark chivalry that he that bore the worst that men can suffer was the best that bore the form of man." You think Isaiah got the clearest ancient vision of the cross. It seems to me that Job saw the heart of Calvary more distinctly. But his flesh should rest in hope; his peace should be the calm of courage, the fortitude of trust, the tenacity of faith. For the moment a sort of Gethsemane was his; but for him, as for his great, divine Antitype, beyond the garden and the cross shone the glittering peaks of his Olivet, and above the cloud gleamed the light in his Father's house.

A marvelous book—this Bible! Its lessons how inexhaustible and surpassingly excellent! The book to use in helping face hot temptations! The book by which to solace life's great sorrows! The book which heartens men to bear life's rugged responsibilities, which braces the wavering will and guides the faltering feet! The reformer's book, the volume for the statesman, the comfort for the hospital and guide for the home, the book for men to rest on when the death dew is damp on the forehead, its promises never so precious as when read above the coffin and beside the grave in that hour when bereavement longs for the assurance of heavenly re-union and life everlasting.

THE CHRISTMAS PROGRAM FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL.

A choice Christmas program for the Sunday-school, "Gifts for the King," has just been issued by the Sunday-school department of the Foreign Board. The theme is appropriately worked out in the scripture and in special exercises for the different departments of the school. The hymns are of unusual merit, combining choice words with bright, joyous melody; the kind that the school will sing and that is worth while. Accompanying the program is a coin card in the shape of a Christmas tree like the illustration below.

Seasonable decorations adorn it, but space is left for silver decoration by the girls and boys themselves—an offering to Foreign Missions that the glad Christmas message may be carried to those across the sea in non-Christian lands. Everyone completely decorating with silver dimes one of these trees, or contributing a dollar, is entitled to a beautiful Recognition Certificate, printed in two colors on paper suitable for framing. The Christmas supplies are sent free to all schools contributing a Christmas offering to the Board of Foreign Missions. To others the programs are furnished at $4.00 per hundred. Schools willing and able to pay express or mail charges on their order are invited to do so, and thus lessen to the Board the large expense of distribution. Orders should be sent in at once to the Sunday-school Department of the Foreign Board, Room 812, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, to insure receipt of the supplies in good time. Many schools were disappointed last Easter because



their orders came in too late. A word to the wise is sufficient. A sample packet of the supplies may be secured by sending a two-cent stamp.

A FAMILIAR OLD-TIME POEM.

A poem long familiar doubtless to nearly all the adult readers of the Pacific Presbyterian begins with the stanza—

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land."

The author of the poem, Mrs. Julia A. Carney, passed on into the life beyond a few days ago from her home at Galesburg, Illinois. She was born in Massachusetts in 1823. and the poem was written many years ago. The other stanzas are:

"So the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.
"So the little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue
Far in sin to stray

"Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Help to make earth happy
Like the heaven above."

One of the striking changes in Turkey is that as to the freedom of the press. There are not less than forty newspapers now. The presses are overworked and the paper for printing purposes frequently gives out and the files show a variety of colors, as in the early days in California when common wrapping paper was sometimes used.

It is estimated that the railroads of this country will have to spend approximately $5,000,000,000 in improvements during the next few years to keep up with the increase of

A religious training school and Chautauqua for the colored race is to be established at Hillsboro, North Carolina. It will be modelled after the Winona Assembly and Northfield Bible School. Dr. James E. Shepard, a negro, who has for several years been actively engaged in Sunday-school work under the auspices of the International Sunday-school Committee, is the prime mover and has already secured a desirable tract of land and several promises of financial assistance. A strong, useful religious training by means of a literary course for illiterate clergymen, a special course for Sunday-school teachers, and courses designed to fit young men and women for Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. work, are some of the special features, to which will be added practical experiments in settlement work and established practical industries. Dr. Shepard has associated with him in this work some of the most influential negroes of the country, and is endorsed by leading men of both races. He declares that the hope of the race lies in the salvation of the young, and that specially trained teachers must do the work if it is to be effective. In speaking of the advantages of a religious training for the negro, he said: "It awakens the sluggish, dormant energies of the individual, and turns him into channels of usefulness and service. It lessens crime, reduces idleness, stops violence, and teaches lessons of restraint. It builds up a better citizenship and checks the great waste of human material found in the chain gangs, jails and penitentiaries. Make a man practically religious, and the industrial and educational side will take care of itself. Any education that will cause the betterment of a race must be founded upon moral and religious training."

THE HOME

THE INSIDER.

"It is so good of you to put me on such a nice committee," said a new young recruit in a rather exclusive organization of women; "and I am such an outsider, too, for I don't begin to know half the members."

"My dear," said the older woman to whom she spoke, and who had met her for the first time the week before, "you are not an outsider. You are a born insider. Anyone can see that about you in five minutes."

It was quite true. The new member had only been in the town a short time, having married a young lawyer of no special prominence. But already she was at home in the church, had joined a reading class, and was heartily liked and welcomed into things by her husband's and their friends. "Mary does fit in so!" was the comment of her sister-in-law, and the fit was so perfect that in a year or two everybody forgot that Mary had lived anywhere else, and considered her in the light of a native. It was a clannish town, too—but then, Mary had gotten inside the clan and made good her place.

For being an insider is usually a case of making good Being born in the church does not make the saint, and being born in the best social rank does not make the social leader. A child may actually become an outsider in its own family —every observer remembers such cases. There are people who from youth to old age are always outsiders, everywhere—who look on at life from their place but never reach the heart of it. They even go through the great experiences of humanity and yet remain outside of the deepest realities. There are mothers who are outsiders to motherlove, and husbands and wives who are strangers to romance, and brothers and sisters who have no loyalty, and friends who are absolutely ignorant of unselfish affection. They never get inside the truth of things. That is left for the insiders—the poets, the saints and martyrs, the workers, the patriots, the true lovers—those who enter in to the fullness and the secrets of life and find it worth living. For since they heartily give themselves to life and are not always calculating the personal return, they are optimists per se.

The lack of sympathies make the outsider. The cultivation of sympathies makes the insider. Natural gifts count for much; but yet the insider must make his or her own place in the world as truly as the outsider. Someone has defined success in society as "the power of being endlessly bored." That is a true outside definition. To the outsider, the average social circle seems to contain a formidable number of tiresome people. But to the sympathetic social insider each one of these bores ceases to be a bore and becomes a human personality with at least some traits that are agreeable. The social leader likes society; it is not an insincere but a real liking. A good neighbor likes his neighbors he doesn't only pretend to. At times many people are bores and many neighbors are disagreeable; but that does not alter a permanent relation of liking. "You love a table full of books," said a woman who was a great social favorite to one who was indifferent and unpopular, "and you pick up one after another, and enjoy this or that in it. Now I feel about a roomful of people as you do about a tableful of books. I want to talk to each one, and enjoy this or that in them." Sympathy is the foundation of the insider's power of getting inside. Defective sympathies set men or women outside, and keep them so.

To be an insider you must begin young, and get interested early in people and things. The habit of being an insider then stamps itself upon one's personality. There are men to whom everything seems to come. They rise in business. They are elected to important positions. They guide the opinion of the community. But all this does not come by chance. It is the result of many interests, using the word in its etymological sense. There are women who in the neighborhood, the church, the social world, are always on the inside of everything that is going on. It is their unfailing interest in things that does it. The outsider may criticise and complain. That is the outsider's mark and function. But it is the insider who molds, makes and enjoys life.

No selfish person can be a true insider, since selfishness and sympathy are two opposite poles. No insincere person ever gets to the inside of life. The insider may have many faults, but the essential qualities of his or her success are fundamentally good—sincerity, affection, kindness, industry, self-forgetfulness, sympathy. To be at home with others, to reach out from self, to be an important part, but still a part, of a larger whole, are elementary necessities of getting inside. If we are outsiders, it is not the nature of things which is to blame. It does not shut us out; it leaves us to make and take our own place, inside or out, as we choose. A Madame Recamier will find the inner circle of any society; a Lincoln cannot be kept out of the presidential chair; a General Booth will always lead an army; and in every lesser sphere, the insider, born or made, will always get inside—where he belongs.—Priscilla Leonard.

me, including also two dozen copies of the two issues sent to myself for distribution here.

Sincerely yours,
F. C. YEOMANS.

Letter from Rev. W. S. Wilson.

Marysville, Cal., Jan. 25, 1910.

My Dear Mr. Bingham: I presume the articles signed "J. E. S." are from the pen of the Rev. J. E. Stuchell, and I would like to take this method of expressing my personal sense of obligation to him for their helpfulness. I read most of our church press and rather widely peruse the weekly and monthly secular magazines, but from no source do I get more real inspiration than from the articles appearing from time to time under the signature of "J. E. S."

Sincerely,
WILL STUART WILSON.

THE INCLUSIVE GOSPEL.

Most people prefer to be sectarians to being simply and inclusively Christians. Ten will follow a party slogan where one will digest a truth. They strive rather to pronounce the shibboleth than to share the nature of goodness. Paul had no patience with this sort of narrowness, and, when he saw that some of the disciples at Corinth were in their new zeal attaching themselves to the various Christian teachers of the time with a loyalty that threatened to issue in permanent divisions, he sharply rebuked the schismatic spirit. "Was Christ divided?" he demands. "Who is Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, but the veriest servants by whom ye were led into the presence of the truth?" Then he penned that sentence so accordant with his magnanimous nature, so indicative of the wide range of his intellect, "All things are yours"—why, then, should you separate a small portion of your inheritance and force yourself to be content with it alone? If Cephas, if Apollos, if anybody else prove to be helpful, absorb what they offer, instead of trying to satisfy yourself with what one affords. Like a grander Emerson, he sweeps his glance over all the world, over all literature, over all existence, and with fancy still glowing from what he beheld, he cries, "All are yours!"

* * *

No one age or class engrosses all that is good. There is a community of benefits, and the Christian, if wise, may be the heir of all excellent things in all times and places. Being himself an apostle, Paul is concerned chiefly with religious teachers, and therefore mentions them first in his enumeration. Broadly stated, his proposition here is, that all religious instructors and educators are subservient to the development of Christian character. You may devote yourself to one of them, and, in attachment to him, shut your eyes to all that the others have uttered; but this means, not that you are superlatively true, but that you simply narrow yourself, limit your range of thought, or get down into a well whence you may see but a few stars, rather than stay on the surface where you may see them all.

* * *

It is literally true that the Christian carries off the spoils won by all wise thinkers, possesses the trophies attained by all devout men in all the world's history; that he really is "the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time." They endured hardship and ridicule in gaining truth and in teaching it. They lived as men before their

time, and with tireless devotion kept burning on the mountain tops the torches of truth. They spent their days in fasting and their nights in vigils, that, with the wasting of body, their spiritual sense might be clearer, their susceptibility to heavenly influences the more delicate.

Thus the noble example and divine revelations vouchsafed to men like Abraham and Moses and Isaiah were not for themselves alone, but for us. Yea, though many Christians are not yet ready to admit it, whatever is worthy in the teaching or lofty in the endeavor of other religious seers the Christian absorbs. Gautama taught for him, Plato wrote for him, Confucius lived for him. Not a gem among their utterances but he is free to include it among his own; not a golden thread in their character, but he may interweave it into his own. So, too, all reformers have struggled, all martyrs have died for him. Theirs was the pain and contumely, and crown of glory; his the enjoyment of that for which they fought. Luther braved degraded Romanism for him. Calvin cheated himself of food and sleep and clothing for him. Savonarola struggled for him. William the Silent died for him.

So of all religious pilgrimages and crusades. What they saw afar off and strove to attain, he possesses. For him the Waldenses, and Hussites, and Huguenots were hounded through the valleys and over the mountains, laying down their lives in the search of a liberty of worship denied them, but, through their sacrifices, fallen to us. For him the Pilgrims left home with all its sweet associations and came across the stormy seas to found a state in which man might enjoy his God-given prerogatives. They endured the cold, the loneliness, the bereavement, and most of them obtained their liberty only by translation to a heavenly country; but their lives of faith and sacrifice laid the foundations of the temple of liberty where we may worship today. There is an element of vicariousness in all noble lives; hence, whatever these good men and women of old, of whom the world was not worthy, endured, they endured it for our sakes, that our hope might be the brighter, and our faith the stronger, and God the nearer.

* * *

Wise is he who so regards the religious endeavors of the past; who sees that by the ordering of divine providence, even skeptics and heretics have had their part in the ascertaining and statement of the truth in which we rest today. But so narrow have men been in the past; so insistent that, unless one believed in exact accord with their view, he was not right; so heedless of the unity of the Church, and so oblivious of the charity that covereth a multitude of sins, that they have preferred to be partisans, or sectaries, to rejoicing themselves in the fullness and glory of their common Master. Hence the Church has been split into fragments, its peace disturbed, and its benign mission delayed; while still, with unconscious inconsistency perhaps, we pray that "they all may be one!"

Is it not time for a change? Ought not the urgent problems of our present day to have more power to unite us than the theological subtleties over which our fathers wrestled have to divide us? Is it truth we are after, or party? Is it to Luther or Calvin or Arminius that we would conform rather than to the Christ who is the Lord both of them and of us? Is it a similarity of creed and intonation and rite upon which we insist, rather than a fellowship of spirit and a common enthusiasm for the Cause? Not if we are men of the stamp of Paul, who said, "All are yours;" nor of Paul's Master, who said, "He that is not against us is on our part." Not if we are fit to grapple with the great difficulties of our day, and, despite them, win the world for our all-glorious Redeemer!

In short, while many seem to be trying how small they can make the gospel in order that they may the more easily gauge and express it, we prefer, with Paul, to make it as comprehensive as possible, and to show how within it there is room for all that is beautiful in art, all that is noble in thought, all that is elevating in devotion, and all that is worthy in life. Ours is not some poor human statement, but "the glorious gospel of the blessed God"—His grandest exhibition of Himself, and His strongest appeal for all the varied sympathies, activities, and hopes of mankind.

J. E. S.

SOME OF THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

In the United States.

February 12—The anniversary of Lincoln's birthday generally observed throughout the United States.—President Taft, in a commemorating address in New York, asserts his position as head of the present national administration.

February 14—Disagreement of the jury in the case of Binger Hermann, accused of collusion in land frauds.

In Foreign Lands.

February 10—Canalejas y Mendes, radical and anti-clerical, appointed Premier of Spain.—Wreck of French steamer off the island of Minorca.

February 12—The Cretan Executive Committee presented with an ultimatum restricting the civil privileges of the islanders.

In Memory of the Martyr-President.

Saturday, February 12th, the anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birthday was generally commemorated throughout our land and in our several consulates in foreign countries. Our school children took a prominent part in these manifestations of reverence for a noble character. To the rising generation Lincoln is justly held up as a laudable example of patriotism, integrity, and self-sacrifice, and they and their descendants will be the better citizens because Lincoln lived for a grand purpose and died in the desire that the nation he loved so well should be united in civil peace and material prosperity, knowing no partisanship—no North, no South, no East, no West. On Sunday, in many pulpits of the land, sermons were preached which set forth the characteristics of this great man. The newspaper press added its tribute of remembrance, and readers of the Pacific Presbyterian who have not had time to read last week's issue are advised to do so, for in some sense it is a Lincoln number. Note also, in this issue, something from the pen of Dr. Hillis, which bears upon this anniversary.

* * *

President Taft Seizes an Opportunity.

At the annual Lincoln-day dinner of the Republican Club of New York President Taft was the guest of honor and the principal speaker. His eulogy of Abraham Lincoln was not extended in length, and his reference to our great

which he had to undergo as the nation's chief executive, the political storms which the party had to weather during war President gave him opportunity to say that "the trials the civil war, the divisions in the party itself between the radical anti-slavery element and those who were most conservative in observing constitutional limitations, are most interesting reading, and serve to dwarf and minimize the trials through which the Republican party is now passing." With reference to tariff revision, the trusts, postal savings banks, the law regarding injunctions, and the conservation of our country's natural resources, Mr. Taft took an attitude favorable to the common weal; and to powerful combinations of moneyed interests he had this to say: "If the enforcement of the law is not consistent with the present methods of carrying on business, then it does not speak well for the present methods of conducting business, and they must be changed to conform to the law." Mr. Taft's policies seem to be in line with those of Theodore Roosevelt without enforcement by the traditional "big stick." Certainly the knobs have been eliminated and the club whittled down. As to Mr. Roosevelt, among the Republican newspaper editors west of the Alleghanies he is the marked choice for President in the next great national political contest. The Chicago Tribune sometime ago asked for an expression of opinion from these men of the blue pencil, three-fifths of whom cast a straw vote, as follows: For Roosevelt, 1360; Taft, 1093; La Follette, 197; Hughes, 122; Cummins, 65; Pinchot, 30; Cannon, 14; Bryan, 40; scattering, 116. Will the Roosevelt straws point this direction of the wind when Teddy comes marching home? La Follette, of Wisconsin, is very popular in his own State. Hughes, it is generally conceded, is an able, honest, trustworthy man, whose course as Governor of the great Empire State has commended itself to the nation. He would be a strong standard-bearer, on whom could unite all the best elements of all political parties.

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No Verdict in the Oregon Land Case.

The jury in the case of Binger Hermann, formerly Commissioner of the General Land Office and a Congressman from Oregon, who was indicted for conspiracy to defraud the Government of a portion of the public domain and tried before Judge Wolverton in Portland, reported February 14th that they were unable to agree, and were accordingly discharged. It is asserted that all but one of the twelve jurors stood for conviction. On the strength of this closeness to unanimity, and believing the evidence for the Government sufficient to convict, Francis J. Heney at once moved for a retrial, and it was agreed among counsel on both sides of the case that the judge might set an early date. Results in prosecutions of this character seem to hang fire beyond the bounds of reason. Too often jurors, though chosen and sworn to find a verdict according to the evidence and under the law as interpreted to them by the judge upon the bench, are deficient in judgment or warped by their sympathies. Mr. Hermann is a man well advanced in years, and was long the political idol of his Congressional district in Oregon. Mr. Heney is a persistent prosecutor, and will never let go as long as there is a possibility of conviction. His friends as well as his enemies acknowledge that he is a choleric advocate, but no one has yet accused him of cowardice or duplicity.

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A Step Forward in Spain.

King Alfonso, of Spain, seems to have taken a firm stand in his role of constitutional sovereign in placing Jose Canalejas y Mendes at the head of his Cabinet. The new Premier is a Radical and an anti-clerical, and favors a reduction in the number of religious orders existing in the kngdom. This step is expected to be a feature in the new cabinet policy. Spain has had her day of power and pride under Papal ecclesiasticism. The slow dawn of a new era has begun for her, and no doubt as fast as the light breaks in on the intelligence and conscience of her young king will he communicate it, by means of lay education and rupture of the chains of priestly thralldom, to a people nearly ready to join the ranks of international progress. His bright young queen, by her influence over her lord and by previous education, should be able to hasten the day of Spain's emergence into full civil and religious liberty.

* * *

Shipwreck in the Mediterranean.

The wreck of the French Transatlantic Steamship Company's steamer General Chanzy, with the loss of over five hundred lives, is reported off the coast of Minorca, one of the Balearic islands, which lie off the eastern coast of Spain, in the Mediterranean sea. The ill-fated vessel was bound from Marseilles to Algiers. The passengers were mostly State officials and military officers returning to their posts in Africa, and in many cases they were accompanied by their wives and children. A most fearful storm drove the General Chanzy into the shoals and on the reefs with which the island of Minorca is surrounded. The captain, one of the most careful and experienced in the company's service, was unable to save his vessel, and out of eighty-seven passengers and a crew of seventy men only one soul is reported saved. The island is about 110 miles southeast of Barcelona. In this disaster, even had wireless telegraphic news been dispatched to this near-by port from the stricken vessel, the fierce tempest would have precluded assistance and no more lives could have been saved. The only survivor, rescued by a fisherman, was at last accounts lying in a Minorca hospital in a condition of delirium, the result of his exposure and terror. The Spanish Government now proposes the erection of a lighthouse at a suitable place on or close to the island of Minorca, which lies in the track of travel between Marseilles, France, and the port of Algiers.

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Political "Protection" in Crete.

The consuls of Great Britain, France, Russia, and Italy resident in Canea, Crete, have presented notes from these so-called "protecting powers" to the Cretan Executive Committee prohibiting the election of Cretans to the approaching Greek National Assembly and giving warning that disregard of this ultimatum would be followed by effective steps to enforce its provisions. Political developments in this classic island of the Mediterranean will be watched with general interest. Turkey really cares very little about it as a possession, and would doubtless sell out to Greece for a satisfactory pecuniary consideration. With the proud Porte, which shall prevail, selfish cupidity or lust of power, in the case of this struggling people?

For the enforcement of the compulsory education law in Indiana $54,158 were expended last year. Truant officers received $31,648.

VOL. VIII. SAN FRANCISCO, U. S. A

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Los Gatos, Cal.

LINCOLN A MYTH
THE INCLUSIVE GOSPEL
CHRIST AND THE SCRIPTURES
WORKINGMEN AND FOREIGN MISS